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FAREWELL
TO
LONDON.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

By N. WITHY, the wandering Bard.

To which is now Added,

A Love LETTER.

Likewise, A SONG,

Adapted to the ingenious Mr. SHORE,

a Blind Boy of Dudley.

My Trifling Pamphlet, while I live,
And THREE good HALF-PENCE to me belongs;
The Muse goes from me in a Flutter,
When I've got nothing for my Supper;
But when she leaves my Pocket empty,
She will inspire me while I drink;
So by her Conduct now I know,
'Tis MONEY makes the Muse to go.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR,

M DCC CX.



F A R E W E L L
T O
L O N D O N.

TUNE. — Farewell to Lochabar.

TO London farewell, I must bid thee adieu,
Thy dirty Meanders no more I'll review,
Likewise to thy streets, to thy allies and lanes,
Thy courts, and thy corners, with comical names;
I suppose at the first they were given in sport,
Such as crook shank alley, and bandy leg'd court
But the tender Cockneys, who rise to much fame,
Come out of Smock Alley, or Petticoat lane.

Old Smithfield, so famous for acting the cheat,
From thee I for ever would wish to retreat,
From noise and from bullies, that drink upon score,
From black-guards and bull dogs, and bullocks
that roar,

From drivers of calves, and the stealers of sheep,
From rambles and gamblers that play very deep,
For there is no safety for those that stay here,
Not even the while they are drinking their beer.

One day as I wander'd, I suddenly came
Into that sweet place they call Rosemary Lane;
Here females sell breeches, old coats & old frocks
Old skirts, old shirts, and old remnants of smocks
Cold

Cold pieces of pudding, old pattins and clogs,
Cold fishes on dishes, both mackarel and cods,
Old hats, and old caps, and old lockets of hair,
Old rags, and old bags, I ne'er saw such a fair.

Good bye hackney coachmen, throughout all
the wards,

I give you the pret'rance o'er all sorts of guards,
Saint Giles's I own are a more ancient crew,
But they are too mean to be sorted with you;
At ev'ry manœuvre you're grown so compleat,
You'd out-vie the D—l in acting the cheat;
In short, before Belzebub's in a right cue,
He must come to London and learn it from you.

Sweet Billingsgate women, I own with regret,
I'm leaving the town very much in your debt,
Your modest behaviour and musical cries,
Your delighting in truth and refraining from lyes,
Made me in love with you, I own it is true,
It is with reluctance I'm going from you;
Yet do not grieve for me nor make any din,
But comfort your hearts with good brandy or gin.

Of Westminster Abbey I'll now take my leave,
A place that still records the bold and the brave,
'Tis a Christian temple most people do know,
But now 'tis polluted by way of a show;
The tombs of the greatest in this edifice,
Make all that review them pay Sixpence a-piece,
They were fond of taxes before they came here,
But when dead the exaction appears very quere.

Farewell to the bridges, the docks, and the
keys,

The rattling of coaches, and jargon of drays,
And to the coal boxes, that gurd on the floors,
The gurgling of pulleys and slamming of doors;

Such rattling and crackling, such noise and such
din.

While one Cockney goes out and another comes
in.

They still keep the tap room in such dissonance,
Their folly exceeds all the bounds of romance.

If you'd know a Cockney, his hat is cock'd
sharp,

His jaws very lank, and his countenance dark,
His shins something crook'd, his joints very slack,
A bend in his shoulders, and hump on his back ;
He looks very bold as he passes bye,
He waddles, and straddles, and prates like a pye,
And when he's well frizzled and dress'd like a
beau,

If down in the country he'd do for a show.

How London was peopled I leave you to read,
Most nations in Europe here boast of their breed,
There's some are from Dublin, and others from
Cork,

Some from Londonderry, and others from York,
Some Scotchmen came likewise at time of need,
These never gang back when they come o'er the
Tweed ;

Some Danes, and some Dutchmen, some Spaniards
from Cales,

Some Frenchmen from Paris, and Tassies from
Wales.

Here Turks and Armenians each other do greet,
And natives of Egypt appear in the street ;
Some from the Dominions of the present Pope,
And sometimes a few from the cape of Good Hope ;
From

From all points of the compass, and parts of the
globe,
Make London fair city their place of abode ;
These strengthen the Cocknies, and nourish the
breed,
Or there would be strange desolation indeed !

I would sing of Bedlam, though it is in vain,
The sight of those Lunatics adds to my pain ;
Some playing with feathers, or plaiting of straws,
Some dumb and quite mute, and some cramming
their jaws ;
Some whistling and fisting, and thumping the
floor,
Some calling for drink while they knock at the
door ;
Such scenes of distress I have ne'er seen before,
So Bedlam farewell, I will see you no more.

If you'd see a kind Landlord, I'd have you to
call
In Chancery Lane, at the Hole in the Wall,
One that's more conceited was never yet seen,
His morals are base, and his manners are mean ;
In short he's an object so proud and so vain,
His looks towards Tyburn his meaning explain,
So sly and so cunning, so keen and so queer,
No sharper in London makes more of his beer.

Farewell to the Landlord that makes his abode,
At sign of the Keffill going up Oxford road,
His looks are as surly as surly can be,
His impudence reaches the highest degree ;
He frowns on the people who bring him the pelf,
And thinks there's no upstart so good as himself,
And

And while in the bar, his commands are so loud,
No jailor, or taylor, was ever so proud.

Still more might be added if I'd time to stay,
But the smoke of the City compells me away ;
One moment of silence is very rare,
I long much to breath a more wholesomer air ;
I'll find no more fault with their chalks and their
scores,
The bawling of watchmen and squalling of
whores ;
I long to retire from such a vile crew,
So London for ever, and ever ADIEU.

A Love LETTER.

WHEN blust'ry winds and sturdy storms are o'er,
Shall Flora rise and deck the fields once more,
I wish to trip the green when you draw near,
Lie by your flock and guard them all the year,
With oaten reed I'd charm the vocal grove,
You shall be there because 'tis you I love.
My pen has ask'd a QUESTION here you'll find,
Dear SALLY answer it, do be so kind.

A SONG, adapted to the ingenious Mr. SHORE,
a Blind Boy, at Dudley, who lost his Sight
while an Infant, being now 13 Years of
Age, and is to sing this Song while he plays
on the Violin. — Tune, *Smiles upon I wiled.*

WHILE you that are bless'd with your
fight,
The beauties of nature display,

You see what is wrong or what's right,
 While for you I'm striving to play;
 I'm touch'd with the greatest dismay,
 For want of the use of my light,
 What you call a beautiful day,
 To me is all darkness and night.

You say there's a wonderful space,
 Betwixt this low world and the sky;
 How superior then you must appear,
 To such a blind creature as I,
 Who never saw any thing yet,
 That I can remember at all,
 And when I go out from this door,
 I grope my way home by the wall.

You know I can make no defence,
 If any one treats me with scorn,
 So pray with his failings dispense,
 Who can't see th' night from the morn;
 This Instrument's all I possess,
 Or all that I'm likely to do,
 Unless some few trifling pence,
 That perhaps I've received from you.

You talk of great rivers and streams,
 Vast oceans and billows that roar,
 Of kingdoms their breadth and extreame,
 Likewise of ten thousand things more;
 But these are all foreign to me,
 Soft musick is only my Theme,
 And while I thus play, as you see
 I think this Life's only a dream.

At night I retire to bed,
 And rise when you tell me its day,
 Perhaps some near neighbour lies dead,
 And is turning to dust or to clay;
 If this is the fate of mankind,
 'Tis madness to heap up great store,
 For soon they must leave it behind,
 And never enjoy it no more.

Ye opulent, think upon this,
 And always be kind to the poor,
 And if you'll expect future bliss,
 Don't drive them away from the door;
 You'll soon lie as low as the least,
 And almost as soon be forgot,
 The beggar, the knight, and the lord,
 Promiscuously vanish and rot.

But I will not murmur at fate,
 Nor at my misfortunes repine;
 Since every man's life has a date
 Most certainly 'tis so with mine;
 No longer I will you detain,
 Because you might think me too rude,
 The fear of offence gives me pain,
 So here I must bow and conclude.

F I N I S

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